

Card. I thought as much, hee would be about the Clouds.

Gloft. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that? Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heauen?

King. The Treasurie of euertlasting Ioy.
Card. Thy Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts Beat on a Crowne, the Treasurie of thy Heart, Pernituous Protector, dangerous Peere, That smooth't it so with King and Common-weale.

Gloft. What, Cardinall?
Is your Priest-hood growne peremptorie?
Tantene animis Calestibus ira, Church-men so hot?
Good Vnckle hide such mallice:
With such Holynesse can you doe it?

Suff. No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes So good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere.

Gloft. As who, my Lord?
Suff. Why, as you, my Lord,
An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.
Gloft. Why *Suffolke*, England knowes thine insolence.
Queene. And thy Ambition, *Gloster*.

King. I prythee peace, good Queene,
And whet not on these furious Peeres,
For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth.

Card. Let me be blessed for the Peace I make
Against this proud Protector with my Sword.

Gloft. Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that.

Card. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Gloft. Make vp no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine owne person answer thy abuse.

Card. I, where thou dar'st not peepe:
And if thou dar'st, this Euening,

On the East side of the Groue.

King. How now, my Lords?

Card. Beleeue me, Cousin *Gloster*,
Had not your man put vp the Fowle so suddenly,
We had had more sport.

Come with thy two-hand Sword.

Gloft. True Vnckle, are ye aduis'd?
The East side of the Groue:

King. Why how now, Vnckle *Gloster*?

Gloft. Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord.

Now by Gods Mother, Priest,

He shaued your Crowne for this,

Or all my Fence shall fayle.

Card. *Medice teipsum*, Protector see to't well, protect
your selfe.

King. The Windes grow high,
So doe your Stomacks, Lords:

How irkesome is this Musick to my heart?

When such Strings iarre, what hope of Harmony?

I pray my Lords let me compound this strife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Gloft. What meanes this noyse?

Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclayme?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suffolke. Come to the King, and tell him what Mir-

acle.

One. Forsooth, a blinde man at Saint *Albones* Shrine,
Within this halfe houre hath receiud his sight,

A man that nere saw in his life before.

King. Now God be prays'd, that to beleeuing Soules
Giues Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire.

*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren,
bearing the man betwene two in a Chayre.*

Card. Here comes the Townes-men, on Procession,
To present your Highnesse with the man,

King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,
Although by his sight his sinne be multiplied.

Gloft. Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King.

His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

King. Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorifie the Lord,

What hast thou bene long blinde, and now restor'd?

Simp. Borne blinde, and't please your Grace.

Wife. I indeede was he.

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worship.

Gloft. Hadst thou bene his Mother, thou could'st haue
better told.

King. Where wert thou borne?

Simp. At Barwick in the North, and't like your
Grace.

King. Poore Soule,
Gods goodnesse hath bene great to thee:

Let neuer Day nor Night vnhalloved passe,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queene. Tell me, good-fellow,
Can'st thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion,
To this holy Shrine?

Simp. God knowes of pure Deuotion,
Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,
In my sleepe, by good Saint *Albon*:

Who said, *Symon*, come; come offer at my Shrine,
And I will helpe thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth:
And many time and oft my selfe haue heard a Voyce,
To call him so.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simp. I, God Almighty helpe me.

Suff. How can'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Master.

Gloft. How long hast thou bene blinde?

Simp. O borne so, Master.

Gloft. What, and would'st climb a Tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.

Gloft. 'Masse, thou lou'd'st Plummes well, that would'st
venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some
Damsons, and made me climbe, with danger of my
Life.

Gloft. A subtil Knaue, but yet it shall not serue:
Let me see thine Eyes; winck now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and
Saint *Albones*.

Gloft. Say'st thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake
of?

Simp. Red Master, Red as Blood.

Gloft. Why that's well said: What Colour is my
Gowne of?

Simp. Black forsooth, Coale-Black, as Iet.

King. Why then, thou know'st what Colour Iet is
of?

Suff. And yet I thinke, Iet did he neuer see.

Gloft. But

Gloft. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a
many.

Wife. Neuer before this day, in all his life.

Gloft. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

Simp. Alas Master, I know not.

Gloft. What's his Name?

Simp. I know not.

Gloft. Nor his?

Simp. No indeede, Master.

Gloft. What's thine owne Name?

Simp. *Saunders Simpcox*, and if it please you, Master.

Gloft. Then *Saunders*, sit there,

The lying't Knaue in Christendome.

If thou had'st bene borne blinde,

Thou might'st as well haue knowne all our Names,

As thus to name the feuerall Colours we doe weare.

Sight may distinguish of Colours:

But suddenly to nominate them all,

It is impossible.

My Lords, Saint *Albone* here hath done a Miracle:

And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,

That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe.

Simp. O Master, that you could?

Gloft. My Masters of Saint *Albones*,

Have you not Beadles in your Towne,

And Things call'd Whippes?

Maior. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

Gloft. Then fend for one presently.

Maior. Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.

Exit.

Gloft. Now fetch me a Stooler hither by and by.

Now Sirrha, if you meane to saue your selfe from Whip-

ping, leape me ouer this Stooler, and runne away.

Simp. Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone:

You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Gloft. Well Sir, we must haue you finde your Legges.

Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that same

Stooler.

Beadle. I will, my Lord.

Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.

Simp. Alas Master, what shall I doe? I am not able to
stand.

*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes ouer
the Stooler, and runnes away: and they
follow, and cry, A Miracle.*

King. O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long?

Queene. It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne.

Gloft. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.

Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

Gloft. Let the be whipt through euery Market Towne,
Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.

Exit.

Card. Duke *Humphrey* ha's done a Miracle to day.

Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.

Gloft. But you haue done more Miracles then I:
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Cousin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to vnfold:
A sort of naughtie persons, lewdly bent,
Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie

Of Lady *Eliano*, the Prote

The Ring-leader and Head

Haue practis'd dangerously

Dealing with Witches and

Whom we haue apprehend

Rayning vp wicked Spirits f

Demanding of King *Henrie*

And other of your Highnesse

As more at large your Grace

Card. And to my Lord

Your Lady is forth-committ

This Newes I thinke hath r

'Tis like, my Lord, you will

Gloft. Ambitious Church-

Sorrow and griefe haue van

And vanquish as I am, I yee

Or to the meanest Groome.

King. O God, what misfe

Heaping confusion on their

Queene. *Gloster*, see here th

And looke thy selfe be fault

Gloft. Madames, for my se

How I haue lou'd my King,

And for my Wife, I know n

Sorry I am to heare what I h

Noble shee is: but if shee h

Honor and Vertue, and comm

As like to Pyrch, defile Nob

I banish her my Bed, and Co

And giue her as a Prey to La

That hath dishonored *Gloster*

King. Well, for this Night

To morrow toward London

To looke into this Businesse

And call these foule Offende

And poyle the Cause in Iust

Whose Beame stands sure, w

Flou

Enter Torke, Salisbury

Torke. Now my good Lo

Our simple Sapper ended, gi

In this close Walke, to satis

In craving your opinion of

Which is infallible, to Engla

Salisb. My Lord, Hong

Warw. Sweet *Torke* begi

The *Newills* are thy Subiects

Torke. Then thus:

Edward the third, my Lords,

The first, *Edward* the Black-

The second, *William* of Hatf

Lionel, Duke of Clarence; ne

Was *John* of Gaunt, the Duk

The fifth, was *Edmond Langl*

The sixth, was *Thomas* of *W*

William of Windfor was the

Edward the Black-Prince dy

And left behinde him *Richa*

Who after *Edward* the third

Till *Henry* *Bullingbrooke*, Du

The eldest Sonne and Heir

Crown'd by the Name of *H*

Seiz'd on the Realme, depos

Sent his poore Queene to F